

The Middletown Transcript.

VOL. XXIII.—NO. 9.

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE, THURSDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 26, 1891.

PRICE, 3 CENTS

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

AT DAVIS BROS.

Agricultural and Seed Exchange,

South Broad St., Middletown,

Can be found a full and complete line of the following:—

Farm wagons, milk wagons, debarbors, road carts, discharrs, spring tooth harrows, plows, cultivators, wheelbarrow seed sowers, field rollers, horse carts, grind stones, wheelbarrows, shovels, spades, rakes, forks and hose of all kinds.

CARRIAGE DEPARTMENT:—

This is complete and embraces all kinds and styles of carriages (including 20 entirely new ones manufactured by Cox & Bro.), and we extend an invitation to all in want of anything in this line to give us a call and examine our goods and learn our prices before going away from home to buy.

SEED DEPARTMENT:—

We make a specialty of pure seeds and have just closed for a car load of strictly choice Western clover seed direct from Toledo, Ohio, which we will offer at the lowest possible price. This is strictly a choice lot of seed and coming direct from first hands, we are able to compete with the largest dealers. Also a large lot of choice timothy, rye, orchard and lawn grass seed.

Soliciting a call when in want of anything in our line, we remain Yours Very Respectfully,

DAVIS BROS.,

South Broad Street, Middletown, Del.

Steam Ice Cream Manufactory.

ICE CREAM AT WHOLESALE.

—MANUFACTURED BY—

THE RICE STEAM ICE CREAM MFG. CO.

NO ADULTERATIONS OF ANY KIND USED!

Cream shipped to all parts of the Peninsula on short notice. Orders by telegraph will be promptly attended to and cream shipped by next train.

CHILDRENS

TOYS

OF EVERY

VARIETY

ALWAYS

ON HAND.



FOREIGN

and

DOMESTIC

FRUITS

NUTS &c.

&c. &c.

OYSTER SEASON OF 1890

We are now prepared to furnish oysters in any quantity desired for family use, also for parties, church suppers, etc.

SPECIAL PRICES FOR LARGE QUANTITIES.

H. B. RICE, Middletown, Del.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

W. H. MOORE & CO.

The Goods we call your attention to in this advertisement are substantial and useful Holiday Presents.

HOLIDAY HANDKERCHIEFS.—5 cents to \$2.50 is the favored line for presents. Linen, hemstitched, bordered, embroidered, sheer lawn silk, and in fact almost anything you may desire in Handkerchiefs. Do not fail to see them. STAMPED GOODS.—Ties, Bureau Scarfs, Splashes, Pillow Shams, &c. Embroidered Silks in all colors.

NECKWEAR.—A beautiful line of New Neckwear. Tees, Puffs, Windsor Ties and Four-in-Hands.

GLOVES.—The best selection we have ever offered in Kid Gloves, Cashmere Gloves, Dogskin Gloves, Buck Gloves, and Cloth Gloves for Men, Ladies, Boys, Writing Paper in boxes, &c., &c.

CLOTHING.—A large stock of Men's, Boy's and Children's Clothing and Overcoats. Ladies' Long Coats, Wraps and Capes and Muffs.

CARPETS.—Oil Cloths, Mats, Rugs, Art Squares, Curtains, Carpet Sweepers, Hassocks, &c.

Do not fail to call and see the large stock, as we know it will be to your interest. We take pleasure in showing our stock.

W. H. MOORE & CO

MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

ROCHESTER BEER

Bartholomay Rochester Beer of extra fine quality, unsurpassed by none and pronounced by connoisseurs to be the

Finest ever Produced in Wilmington.

IN KEGS OR BOTTLES. ALSO

MASSEY'S BROWN STOUTS, PORTER AND ALES, MINERAL WATER, SASSAPARILLA AND GINGER ALE.

Sole Agency for Rochester Beer.

JNO. P. DONAHUE,

517 and 519 Orange Street

Telephone Call No. 90. These liquors are highly medicinal. oct1-ly

AT PRETTYMAN'S.

You get boots that wear well and Shoes that give satisfaction. Complaints are few of the Boots and Shoes bought at Prettyman's. When the next pair is wanted give him a call.

Men's, Boy's, Women's and Children's Rubber Boots, Overshoes and Sandals.

ALL SALES ONLY FOR CASH.

EDWIN PRETTYMAN,

MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

IF YOU are going to have a public sale or any other kind of sale you will have to advertise it. The columns of this paper is the place for your advertisement. You will get better returns for your money than anywhere else. Just make a note of that, Mr. Advertiser.

Sharpless Bros.

Sharpless Bros.

THE TOYS! the toys! the toys are here with all their brightness and Christmas cheer. There are Little Toys and Big Toys, for Romping Boys and Studious Girls, including Great, Ponderous Elephants and Frisky Squirrels. Bleating Sheep, Mooing Cows and gayly caparisoned horses in moving cavalcades, and soliders in camp and out upon parades, Railway trains dashing over hill and dale, and Knights of Old in their armor of mail. Little rabbits that leap and jump at the turning of a key, and the funniest men and women that you ever did see. Iron and tin toys, dainty and strong, for curious little boys who insist that everything they handle is made "wrong." Then there are fire engines, locomotives and cars for freight; jingling bells and frolicsome monkeys going around at a great rate. And horns and swords and drums, bugles and fifes, and miniature gunboats, manned by brave gunners eager for strife; little tinklers in rubber, wood and brass, besides hundreds of pretty things in china and glass. Curious puzzles, ten pins, tops and balls, and building blocks in colors gay. And Tiddly Winks, the most popular game of the day. Then there are pleasing story books for boys and girls of every age, life-like dolls from over the sea, and thousands upon thousands of scintillating trinkets for the big, jolly Christmas tree. But the most humorous thing of all in this collection galore is a mechanical donkey that gallops over the floor. Upon his diminutive back sits a jovial clown in the queerest of clothes, with streaks of bright paint all over his face and nose.

The largest and most varied assortment of DOLLS ever shown in this city by any one house. Bisque Head, 25c. Bisque Head and closing eyes, 50c. Bisque head, closing eyes, and Kid body, \$1. Jointed dolls, \$1.39 each. Regular prices elsewhere, \$2.50.

Glove and handkerchief SACHETS, deliciously perfumed and exquisitely ornamented, \$1 each or \$2 for the complete set. Neatly boxed for holiday purposes.

Decorated china inkstands, 60c. each. Handsome table lamps, \$1.50 each.

Beautiful novelties in the celebrated Victoria ware. A pleasing assortment of choice pieces at 60c. \$1.25 and \$2.25.

Rogers' "A 1" plated Silverware at unapproachable prices. Teaspoons down from \$4.50 to \$3.75.

Dessert Spoons down from \$4. to \$3.15.

Forks down from \$4.50 to \$3.75.

Soup ladles down from \$2.50 to \$1.67 each.

Extra heavy weight very richly finished Black Mohair reduced from 50c. to 39 cts. a yard. A limited assortment of Black Brocade Mohair marked down from 75c. to 39c. a yard. Very rare bargain. All wool Skirt patterns, heretofore sold at \$1.65 and \$1.85, now \$1.22. Highly desirable.

Genuine Japanese silk Smoking Jackets made in the Japan Empire in the Japs' best manner. Daintily embroidered \$6.25 each. Plain silk, \$4.75 each. Appropriate gifts for gentlemen. French Sealskin Muffs marked down from \$5 to \$3.

SO GOES THE WORLD.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you; Weep, and you weep alone; For the world old earth must borrow its mirth, It has troubles enough of its own.

It has troubles enough of its own. Sing, and the hills will answer; Sigh, it is lost on the air; The echoes bound to a joyful sound, But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you; Grieve, and they turn and go; They want full measure of your pleasure, But they do not give you love. Be glad, and your friends are many; Be sad, and you lose them all; There are none to decline your neighbor's wine, But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded; Fast, and the world goes by; Succeed, and give and let him you live, But no man can help you die. There is room in the halls of pleasure For a long and lordly train; But only one must stand in pain. Through the narrow streets of pain.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THE DOCTOR'S OUTING.

Ned Mostyn and myself were chums and cronies at the grammar school in the fine old city of— Our friendship was very fervent. It seemed to us as if it could never fail; but, on leaving the city, the many crowding thoughts that press upon a young man on his entrance into a new world, if they failed to obliterate our boyish affection, left it, as it were, faint memories of the past.

By a strange coincidence we met as fellow students at Guy's, and our friendship was renewed. As it happened, being masters of our own destiny, we decided to start together under the title of Percival & Mostyn, and we were fortunate enough to secure the practice of the late Dr. Woolley in a success town of N—.

Our practice was a success, and we were fast securing an excellent position. We had been much occupied and had worked hard, but by one of those changes which sometimes occur, we were suddenly left with little or nothing to do. I was employing my unwelcome leisure in looking over some of those formidable items of which our ledgers presented a numerous and gloomy record. I had been especially busy, and one account which had been almost our earliest— a certain Mr. Graves, which had been marked "doubtful" in the second year, "very doubtful" in the third, and "bad" in the fourth— when who should present himself in our little consulting room but the veritable Graves himself.

"Doctor," said he, "I have come to pay you that 'ere bill o' mine. The figures are vastly big, but if there were over so much bigger I ain't the kind o' man to grudge the amount for I have never forgot the many bitter journeys you have had to see me and mine all across the common; and now I've got the money together, and you shall have it doctor. There it is, \$235, every half penny of which you thoroughly deserve, and ought to have had long ago." And emptying his canvas bag, he laid out, he displayed the full amount in shining metal to the uttermost farthing.

"Now, I dare say, doctor, you had given this up as a bad job before now, but we had to save it, and here it is at last. Whenever we've made a sale, my wife claimed something for the doctor; and when once she got hold of it there was no getting it back. Now, didn't you give us up, doctor?"

"Well, I must confess, Graves, our faith had somewhat began to waver, but we won't say anything more about that," and after trying the merits of our old ale—"wetting both eyes," as he called the second tankard—he started off triumphant.

I couldn't help thinking of the labors of honesty with which these people must have amassed this money, and with what a one-sided view one is apt to look upon the items of a ledger. The money still lay on the table, when Ned came in accompanied by our friend, Captain Willoughby, our nearest and best neighbor.

"Spirit of Plutus, and shade of Croesus!" exclaimed he; "the treasure cave of A.T. Baba and the forty thieves exhibited! 'Sesame' is the word, I believe, and I hope I shan't forget it and be hanged, drawn and quartered! But how is this, old boy?"

"Four-year-old Graves," said I; "what do you think of that, old fellow. And I was thinking, Ned, as things are dull, the case-book very light, and yourself full of business, I would take a turn this evening, and hear Al Thomas, the harpist, of whom I have heard a good account."

"Capital idea, old boy, so you shall. But what a night you have chosen! It snows and it sleets, it rains and it blows, and does all imaginable bad things in the way of weather."

"Yes," said Willoughby, "it must not be to-night, doctor, for the ride in your trap to N— is worth much more than you can expect to get for it."

"Oh, as for that, I don't mind weather."

"I dare say not, but—happy thought— you shall have my brougham and the gray, and I'll have a driver you. He'll run you over in style. Don't say no, for I insist upon it. They have done nothing lately, and I know it will enhance your comfort at any rate."

"I second the kind proposal," said Ned; and the thing seemed so pleasant that I am to be a swell to-night. But you can not be my companion, Willoughby? The grays will travel none the worse for having their own kind master behind them."

"No, no; you shall have them all alone, and I feel it a comfort to think you will have them."

In due time a splendid pair of grays were at the door, and I was bowled along to my destination. It was certainly far preferable to an open dog-cart. N— was soon reached. I rather tardily remembered that a ticket had not been secured for the

entertainment, and drove at once to the music shop where they were sold, and secured one.

Telling Reeves to make himself very comfortable during the interval, and to be ready when the affair was finished, I entered the hall. It was well lighted and densely packed, but the platform looked rather bald. There was the harp, and the harp alone. After waiting some little time a rather insignificant personage made his appearance by its side, and I thought it looked very stupid to be there, little dreaming what a magician was before me in the form of that little man.

He commenced, and for two hours I was the abject slave of that man. He did with me what he would—I was pastoral, I was military, I was jubilate, I was sunk in a soft delirium, almost to a short, I was mesmerized in a halo of glorious music! What could it be? Surely not that one harp. It seemed as if a whole band of angelic performers were hovering about me. I am particularly open to musical impression, but never had been so completely entranced. His intervals were intervals of torment, only to be succeeded by new raptures; and when at last, as I was over, I felt only that I could be soothed to resume. But it was all over, and with the rest I had to go forth into the night.

In truth it was a fearful night. There was a high, cold wind, with fiercely-beating feet, and coming from the brilliant light it was almost impossible to discern the objects around. I called out, "Reeve! Is Reeve here?" and a voice said: "Yes, sir," and a pair of grays appeared to the front. The door of the brougham was immediately opened by some ready hand, and I was glad to escape the fierceness of the weather, and we drove off, the hail pattering merrily against the windows. I saw we were going the right way, but lulled by the storm I soon fell into the embrace of the poppy god. The glamour of the harp was still upon me, and my senses still enslaved. I dreamt the divine melodies of the harp were still with me, but retreating, and that I was compelled to follow. I went on through brambles, through wood, over rivers, over mountains, and could not stay my flight. At last they began to ascend, and strange to say, I floated upward as the weird music ceased, and I immediately fell.

My dream was over. The carriage had stopped on the gravelled frontage of what appeared to be, and what in reality was, a large house.

No words can express my astonishment as I gazed upon the streaming light that met me in all directions, for the mansion before which we had stopped seemed illuminated throughout its whole extent. For a moment or two I could not disconnect from what I had been dreaming; but I soon let myself out and perceived at a glance that the brougham before me was not that of my friend Captain Willoughby and that I could have mistaken it for his seemed impossible.

"What is all this, Reeve?" said I. "What have you done with me?" This is Captain Willoughby.

"O, lor! O, lor!" said the coachman. "I've been and drove home the wrong gen'lman, O, lor! instead of Master Fred I've drove home the wrong gen'lman."

"This is not Captain Willoughby's carriage?" repeated I.

"No, sir," said the frightened fellow; no, sir, no! Captain Willoughby's carriage was just behind me, waiting for Mr. Percival, Reeve told me."

"Well, then, why on earth did you take me here, man?"

"O, lor, sir, I how could I tell you were the wrong gen'lman? You sings out: 'Shreeve, Shreeve!' and I heard the door bang, and I had enough to do to look to my horses, for they were very skittish. There were a great number of things about, and you sings out: 'Drive on, Shreeve!' and I drove on, and I've been and drove the wrong gen'lman."

"And where am I now?" said I.

"Why, sir, you see as how you're at Squire Ellison's. And O, sir, do tell the Squire as how I couldn't help it, or else I am a ruined man."

By this time several servants had come out with lights, crying: "O, Fred, come in, come in. Miss Ellison is crying."

More than ever astonished, I walked into the hall and was ushered into a room, and in the midst of horror-stricken faces. I briefly explained that I had been to the concert, and in mistake had got into the wrong brougham, not discerning in the roughness of the night that the carriage before me was not that of my friend Captain Willoughby, and misled by the fact that the names of the coachman appeared to be the same.

As soon as I began to speak I saw the sorely distressed face of a fine old gentleman who had sat herped up, as it were, in his chair, begin to brighten, and he now burst in with:

"Dr. Percival? But I dare say you forgot I have had the good fortune to meet you once before, and it's led you here to-night. Such a mistake could easily have arisen, my horses being the same color as those of Captain Willoughby, and the coachman's name so closely resembling the other—Shreeve instead of Reeve. Your way home, too, would also be part of the journey here. But I will save our dear girl; for I cannot believe you will be too late, and I can confide her to you, doctor, with all faith. Come, let us lead you to her, for our case is most urgent. Poor Effie fell through a sheet of glass in the conservatory and has wounded her arm in such a way as to defy all attempts to stop the bleeding. We sent her here a long time ago, but was most likely not at home at the time, and our groom must be waiting

for him. Not only our gratitude will be yours, dear doctor, but in saving our darling Effie you will save your friend Willoughby's affianced bride."

I was led to the patient. She lay on a couch, and the beautiful girl looked more like a colorless figure of wax than a human being. The whole countenance was bedewed with blood, and the many bandages steeped with it. Scared women were around her, and I could only hear a suppressed whisper of "She still bleeds."

From the appearance of things I surmised, as it turned out correctly, that the brachial artery had been punctured.

The inefficient bandage was at once stripped off, and one of the attendants was made to compress the wounded artery firmly with the thumb, while I rapidly extemporized a tourniquet with the nearest material I could be procured, and soon succeeded in stopping the flow of blood. But even I was astonished to see the loss that had been sustained by the fragile looking form before me. She had been long in a fainting condition, but in an hour or two, as the result of gently administered stimulants, I began to discover signs of reviving consciousness, and I thought I might leave to seek out Romney and the instrument necessary to place our wounded patient in safety. Hospitality in every shape was pressed upon me, but I could not wait, and the grays were once more in requisition to drive me to Romney's place, distant about two miles and a half.

We started off furiously, and had traveled about a mile when the coachman suddenly pulled up, shouted out: "Hullo, sir! What's this? Some one has got a regular smash here. O, lor! it's our own trap, where James is I don't know. It seems broken into smithereens."

I hastened out of the carriage to find, as the man had observed, the mere wreck of what had been a dog cart.

The snow was still falling, although the hurricane had somewhat abated; but in the midst of the wind I heard a feeble voice:

"The darkness was intense, but, taking one of the carriage lamps, I proceeded onward to find propped up on cushions, and covered with cloaks, the form of the Romney I sought. The snow was falling on the poor fellow's face, and in spite of his wrappings he must have suffered severely from cold."

"Is this Mr. Romney?" said I.

"It is," said Romney, "it's now a bruised and dislocated man. I've had by no means a jolly time of it. That lump of stone that you see opposite gleaming in the dark (I was going to say 'accused' but the horse laid them there) has shied the horse and thrown it against this infernal little piece of wall, and I may apply for my superannuation fund as soon as may be. The poor brute of a horse has completely done for, and has been left off by James somewhere, James himself having all to nothing the best of it."

"Well, Romney, what shall I do? Let us take you up in the carriage."

"I'm hanged if I know what would be the best thing to do," said Romney, as if not hurt at all. "Nellie will soon be here, I know, when she hears of it; and guessing from the time James went, she can't be long. I know. She is a famous tactician, old fellow, and will arrange everything. She knows what an accident is, and is equal to every emergency save this, indeed, poor girl!"

"But I can not let you lie here and freeze. I'll take you to your house or to the Cedars, from which I have just come, as you may guess. My name's Percival, and by a curious mistake, I have been able to take your patient."

"Thank God, Percival, and thank you, too; for the thought of this dear girl and the anguish I have suffered on her account have been far worse to me than all the nasty raps and bumps these poor bones of mine have had to bear."

"It is hard to tell you now; I was coming for you to help me set a wounded arm right. Have you any instruments?"

"Yes, I guessed something of what had happened, and here is my case on the top of my head. Take it, pray take it; leave me and go to her."

"No, no, I can't do that. She is all right for the present; we will lift you gently into the carriage and take you home, and I do trust that bruises will prove the worst part of the business."

"God, my dear fellow, I am completely smashed! But don't say a word to Nellie when she comes. I hear her coming now."

Romney's ear was quick, for straining hard against the gusts of wind I fancied I could hear the sound of approaching wheels.

"Do let us lift you into the carriage before the lady comes, and so prevent the fearful shock of seeing you as you lie up here."

"No, my good friend, no. I had rather wait till Nellie comes. James dragged me here as tenderly as he could, but it was an agony, and it would be worse to be doubled into the carriage with such a strength as you two could command, and then to be doubled out again. I fear I am done to death, and I don't stand it."

Meantime, on the frosty night we could plainly distinguish the impetuous gallop of horses and the sound of wheels like the fierce charge of a fire brigade approaching nearer and nearer. They pulled up, however, before arriving at the scene of the accident, and came quietly and cautiously onward.

I confess in all this scene I was curiously anxious to catch a glimpse of the redoubtable Nellie; but instead of seeing the rather masculine specimen of woman-kind I had imagined, with nerves of steel and arms of strength, there ran forward a slight and elegant girl of some eighteen or nineteen years, dressed without con-

fusion of apparent haste in a waterproof and hood.

Romney was well justified in waiting for Nellie. She must indeed have been learned in accidents. What had she brought? Why, the very means and appliances which by long thought one would have considered the best, and she had but a few minutes to get them all together and be here. She had procured from a neighboring upholsterer a light covered spring van, on the floor of which she had spread a mattress with many pillows and blankets. Her force of assistants were four—two elderly women and two men, with a plentiful supply of lanterns. She ran forward to her brother as if she knew where to find him by instinct.

"O, Nellie, dear," he said, "I knew you'd come quickly."

"O, I must have seemed an age to you! How hurt you must be, Edward! Drink the glass of water, dear."

"The very thing, Nellie. O, I have been waiting it so."

"Now, dear old Ned, we are going to move you. But I see Mr. Ellison's carriage here. He has been before us."

"Not Mr. Ellison, dear, but Dr. Percival, who, by a most fortunate accident, was attending my patient and had come to seek me."

"And the doctor will help you up, will he not?"

"He will, certainly, if you will allow him to place himself under your guidance," said I.

"Sir, I thank you," replied Nellie. "We will lift poor Ned into this van. Where are you hurt, dear, that we may not hurt you?"

"All over, Nellie, all over. I know you will take me gently."

And well she marshalled her forces. There were altogether seven of us. One stood at the horses' heads to prevent a movement, one ligated the way, and the rest of us gently lifted poor Ned on to the mattress. He bore the operation without a groan, although it must indeed have been a further dose of agony. I implored him to allow me to come home with him and to see to his injuries, but he would not hear of it.

"Come to me as soon as you have finished with the dear girl whose life is precious to so many. Do not neglect her for a single moment. I place her in your hands, Percival. You have the case—be off, sir, this very moment. Nellie is a nurse and doctor all in one, and I shall be safe with her till you come."

The wise Nellie said: "O, doctor, it does seem selfish, but come as soon as you can, for I feel myself thoroughly helpless in such a sad case."

What could I do? I was divided between the two, and I felt that Effie Ellison had the prior right to my poor services. Nevertheless, as we went rapidly back to the Cedars, my heart and thoughts were with Nellie and her brother.

On reaching the Ellisons I found the son had returned by a hired conveyance. He had found Willoughby's man pacing up and down in great distress at having lost me, and had "guessed the nature of the joke," as he said, and had sent Reeve home, at which I was heartily glad.

I found poor Effie in a very bad state. The limb was much swollen and discolored, and the necessary operation was tiresome and most painful. I would have waited for further assistance, but the urgent need of the case admitted of no delay.

In a very short space of time the skill of the most eminent surgeon in the country was secured, and together with the family, we watched through hours of great anxiety. In the advanced morning, however, we resolved to snatch a flying visit to Romney. We found him fearfully injured—a fractured arm, a fractured rib, and internal injuries.

I was glad of the very able assistance that was now at hand. His case appeared desperate, and when we had done all, we could only shake our heads in ominous silence.

We returned to the Cedars. Our patient's life hung upon a thread. My next care was to telegraph to my partner, and for ten days, and nights I watched by the bedside of Effie Ellison, only varied by hasty runs over to Romney. At the expiration of that time Effie, though still very weak, was out of danger, and I was free to attend my medical friend.

And Nellie and I have attended him, and together have managed to conduct his rather large practice, for the last six months. I have visited the Cedars daily, and Effie is now quite well, and Captain Willoughby, who is constantly there and brimming over with gratitude to myself, declares he will soon take her into his own keeping, and that he will have no more glass breaking if he can help it.

They can all now afford to have a good laugh at the expense of myself. My next care was to telegraph to my partner, and for ten days, and nights I watched by the bedside of Effie Ellison, only varied by hasty runs over to Romney. At the expiration of that time Effie, though still very weak, was out of danger, and I was free to attend my medical friend.

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